



Something else to do

Sung by M^r Beard



He swore he did esteem her more
Than any Maid he'd seen before
In tender sighs protesting He
Would constant as the Turtle be
Till all much of Death should shew
And w'd such Arts as Lovers use
To pine says Doll 'tis but true
But now I've something else to do

Her Pride then Collin thus adrobid
Forgive me Doll I did but just
To her that's kind I'll constant prove
But trust me I'll ne'er dye for Love
The first she did his courtship scorn
Now Doll began to court in turn
Dear Collin I was pining too
Step in I've nothing else to do

Gen. Flute

